Conf Pam
#778

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To our dead of
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From the Mobile Evening News, June 7th.

THE GALLANT BOYS OF FENNER'S BATTERY.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter of an officer in this battery, giving some of the incidents of its terrible fight at New Hope Church, on the 25th ultimo.

"As you may have inquiries made by friends of Brunet and Bridgins, who were killed, I will give you some particulars of their death. Corporal Brunet was acting as gunner, and was in the very act of sighting his gun, when he was shot through the head and killed instantly. I have no words to convey my admiration of his character as a soldier and a man. In the camp, on the march, on the field, his deportment was at all times absolutely above reproach.

"Private R. A. Bridgins was one of three noble brothers, all in the same detachment. He was walking the trail, when he was shot through the head, and killed at once. His next brother jumped forward, took the body in his arms, and moved it aside, and then assumed the vacant post, discharging its duties with intrepid coolness, till he, too, received a severe wound in the thigh. Without leaving his place, he called for his other brother, who was at the limber, and held his post till replaced by him. The last brother filled the post till the end of the action. A finer instance of stoical heroism I have rarely heard of."

To Our Dead of New Hope.

CORPORAL W. BRUNET, PRIVATE R. A. BRIDGINS.

They sleep the deep sleep 'neath the sanctified sod:
Made hoary with patriot gore;
They are resting for aye in the bosom of God;
The bugle will wake them no more.

No more will they thunder their wrath on the foes,
Nor smile on their friends as of yore;
By Honor's proud voice they were lulled to repose,
Their knell was the fierce battle roar.

One died—he had sighted his gun ere he fell—
That round was the corporal's last;
His soul on the canister rushed with a yell,
And scattered the foe as it passed.

None braver in battle, in camp none more kind;
In the march and bivouac none so gay;
Let him rest! In the hearts of his friends he's enshrined,
And God Freedom's debt will repay.

Another was tending the trail—came the shot,
And buried itself in his head;
His brother stretched out the pale corpse—murmured not,
And stern took the place of the dead.

He also was struck, but unmoved he remained,
At his post like a statue he stood,
Till the third brother came to the ground, crimsoned stained
By the flow of his own kindred blood.

'Twas then the young Spartan, on leaving his place,
To the last of the patriot three,
said, "Brother," then looking him full in the face,
"Give them one for revenge and for me."

No more need we look in dead history's page,
Our souls with devotion to fire;
For our eyes have beheld, in this country and age,
How heroes and freemen expire.

All honor and fame to the good and the brave—
The patriot dead of our band—
The martyrs who perished their country to save,
At Liberty's welcome command.

FENNER'S BATTERY.

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